

From the Hilltop

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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He saw her for the first time as he stood on the threshold of his office, turning the key in the door. It was the closing hour for the office force, and likewise the end of one of the shifts. Consequently, the narrow, ill-paved street was crowded with the jostling pourings of shop-clad-shouldered men and sober women, among whom she, in her plain but well-fitting suit, with her little, impetuous walk, stood out conspicuous.

John Cast had been some days now in this grimy-mushroom village, grown up about his father's factories. Fresh from college, he was looking things over, learning the ropes in preparation for the time when the fast business would be his.

At times he sickened with the stink of engine oil, of soft coal smoke, of humanity beat over the machine, he bolstered his resolution with reminders of Duty, or of Beatrice, the girl back home, and went for a walk on the hills beyond the town.

It was on one of those walks that he saw the girl again. She was coming out of a two-mile-snake on the outskirts of a quarry. At her side trudged an unkempt youngster of twelve-months' gender who was screwing two gunnery darts into his eyes.

"That's all right, Jimmy," he heard her say. Then, as she caught sight of him she came quickly over. "Oh—I thought you were the company doctor. But I guess you are the son of the man who owns all this," she indicated the shanty with a wave of her hand and in her voice John fancied he detected a note of scorn. "I must get a doctor. Jimmy's brother was working



"It is dreadful, isn't it?"

in one of the condemned freight elevators when the car slipped and he hurt his back. No one was around at the time and he managed to crawl home."

It was but natural for John to offer his services and the girl, dispatching Jimmy to report to his mother that the doctor would be sent as soon as found, left him step at John's side.

Their conversation was desultory. But gradually John learned that she was the teacher of the one small school maintained for the factory children, and he gathered further, although she was reticent on the subject, that she spent her leisure hours in various kindly services among the families of her flock—reading aloud to Tony Valenza, the cripple, showing Mrs. Donahue how to keep alive the three babies left out of seven, teaching Jimmy's brother how to spell and do simple sums. And he discovered that her name was Frances Warren.

Dating from that walk, John sought rather than avoided opportunities to meet her, although his conscience sharply recommended the latter course of action. For between them, as far as any further intimacy was concerned, stood the great barrier of his engagement to Beatrice Hammond, unannounced as yet, but none the less binding.

Until recently he had been tremulously satisfied with Beatrice's capitulation. Yet now that he had met Frances, he was forced to admit that too late he had learned the difference between infatuation and the strong love it is given a man to know but once.

Then Beatrice wrote that she was going through on her way to Bar Harbor. Would he meet her train—she was very anxious to see him. John read into her words a possible intention to consult him about making public their engagement, perhaps about setting the wedding date itself—questions she would undoubtedly prefer to discuss in person rather than trust to the cold channels of correspondence.

As he waited for the train, John made an effort to assume the look of

resigned fiance and to drive from his thoughts the picture of Frances as he last had seen her, saying good-bye to her on the schoolhouse steps. She had not known that he was considering a final farewell, that he had made up his mind to be true to Beatrice in thought as well as in deed. She had just been relating some funny remark of Jimmy's and he recalled her low, delicious laugh and the sparkle in her eyes. Frances—Frances—Frances—

Then the train drew in and presently John found himself holding a slim and noble Beatrice's mother considerately withdrawn a little. It was only a five-minute interval, hardly enough to either wish yet during so brief an interval the destinies of nations may be changed.

"Jack," Beatrice spoke hurriedly. "This must seem brutal, but the time is so short. And I am making it my punishment to tell you face to face instead of writing. Our engagement was a mistake. I thought I loved you, but since you went away—oh, I am ashamed! But Harvey Wilson came home and found—oh, don't take me badly!"

Afterward John remembered that last remark. He must have acted better than he knew. At the moment, he surrendered assurance of forgiveness, passed her hand in a brotherly manner, and as the bellman signaled, helped her aboard the train.

That afternoon he and Frances climbed the hill at the western sun during its cadence abroad. Reaching the summit, they paused in the lee of a wind-beaten group of trees.

Suddenly John spoke. "Frances, I know what you think; I am a careless one, spending money right and left, with never a sense of responsibility. And I confess that is what I have been. But somehow, being down here in the heart of things, and above all knowing you, has changed me. I begin to see that a man can do more than instant spotless luncheons in his place, put interests in the cloistered, and pay a fair wage. I want to do my little bit to change conditions such as those below." He indicated the smoke-darkened huddle of buildings in the valley.

"It is dreadful, isn't it?" Frances said sadly and quoted slowly. "Not that they starve, but that they starve so drearily." For she saw not a vague cluster of shanties but the houses of Jimmy and Mrs. Donahue and Tony Valenza.

"Yes," agreed John, "but look!" She followed his eyes to the far horizon where a smoke-free world began—green meadows, clean woods and, at the very rim, the blue-penciled line of an inland sea. "Our generation is the first. From it we glimpse the world as it might be. It is something at least to have the vision."

Then he turned to the girl. "Oh, Frances, I love you beyond words—love you for walking in me what little idealism I have, love you for your beautiful self! Will you marry me and work with me to make our visions come true?"

Frances was silent for a moment. Then she raised happy eyes to his. "Oh, John!" she cried. That was all, but the way she said it promised all he wished.

AMERICAN LEGION IN 1792

First Regular Army Was Patterned After That of the Fighters of Old Rome.

The first "American Legion" was founded in 1792 and its existence by that name terminated in 1796. War department records show that when the regular army was reorganized in 1792, following the Revolutionary war, it was first officially designated the "Legion" and was divided into four "sub-legions" of which the Fourth United States Infantry was part, the Detroit News states.

The idea of designating the United States army as the legion originated with General Knox, secretary of war under George Washington. The army was patterned after the Roman legion, the old military organization under which Julius Caesar and his successors conquered as much of the world as was then known.

The "American Legion" was commanded by Gen. Anthony Wayne ("Mad Anthony") and was organized under his direction at Pittsburgh in May, 1792. President Washington instructed General Wayne "not to spore powder and lead, so that the men he made marksmen." The legion fought its only battle as the legion at Miami Rapids in the Kentucky-Ohio Indian country, August 20, 1794, engaging a force of hostile Indians. In 1796, it having been decided that the Roman formation was not suitable for fighting Indians, the legion was disbanded and organized into four regiments of infantry.

Justified.
"My friend," said the smooth stranger, "do you go in much for this anti-slavery stuff?"

"Yes," replied the prosperous-looking citizen. "I've made millions out of it."

"Just as I thought. I suspected somebody was getting a raiseoff from all the money donated for first one thing and then another. What's your line?"

"I manufacture T.N.T."

Personal Cure.
"Why have you left your own physician and come to Doctor Faken, who hasn't half the experience and skill?"

"Because Doctor Faken, who has registered, can always supply a smile for that all gone racing."

Boys' Suits & Overcoats

Reduced

In anticipation of lower clothing costs for next spring we now make a reduction of \$2.50 to \$5.00 on every Boys' Suit and Overcoat in the house. The same high quality of merchandise at a much lower price.

ALSO WE HAVE THE FOLLOWING SPECIALS IN OUR BOY'S DEPARTMENT THIS WEEK ONLY

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Heavy Ribbed Black Cat Hose
for Boys, all sizes, worth up to 75c
a pair. Special

39c a Pair

Boys' Shirts

Boys' Dress Shirts, Collars
Attached and Detachable Collars,
worth up to \$1.75, Special

95c Each

Boys' Ties

Boys' Knit Ties, all colors,
Regular 75c values, Special

25c Each

Stier Clothing Company

Must Reduce Idleness Also.

Price reduction will go a long way toward reducing the cost of living but price cutting is not the only thing.

There must also be a reduction of idleness and a speeding up of production.

There are too many "slow-odders" in effect among the ranks of workers. Two men are often doing less work than was formerly done by one yet receiving wages doubly higher. Reduction of commodity prices cannot overcome the effect of this on the cost of living nor can the prices of commodities or the cost of living be brought to a proper level until this wasteful and shameful condition is corrected.

If we are to return to pre-war prices one of two things is necessary—production per unit must rise or wages must fall.

Nobody wants to see wages reduced that are honestly earned, but if workers do not render an honest day's work for a full day's pay they must prepare to suffer the consequences of their dereliction.

The great masses of the people believe in a square deal and they will not long endure a burden resulting from high wages and low production when knowing that such result is directly caused by men loafing on the job.

PIKERS

By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

Sit! Sit! Sit! cry the Nations,

Sit in to the greatest game

That ever was played

Since man was made

For progress and Peace and

Fame!

We play against War and Fam-

ine,

Pestilence, Ruin and Shame,

We stake our best

With all the rest—

Sit in and play the game!

Great and small came the Na-

tions

From over the earth's expense,

Small and great

Joined State on State

To play for the world's advance.

But one—God pity the pikers!

One was afraid to play!

We might lose, they said,

If we went ahead—

We might have to fight—or pay!

Forty-three others are willing,

Forty-three others share,

For the common need

They forgot their greed.

But we—God pity the pikers!

—we do not dare.

DON'T WASTE TIME.

It's a waste of time to experiment with liniments and plasters when you have a dull, throbbing backache or sharp, stabbing twinges. Get after the cause. Help the kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. Read this.

Mrs. Henry Brasch, S. Side Addition, Lexington, gave the following statement December 4, 1911: "I had bladder and kidney complaint and my case was so severe that I couldn't be on my feet. My back ached and I could hardly stand the pain. My hands and limbs were swollen and my kidneys acted irregularly. I had blinding headaches and although I doctored and tried different remedies I got no relief. I finally used Doan's Kidney Pills and they cured me up in good condition. I got Doan's at Crenshaw & Young's Drug Store and they certainly proved to be a fine kidney remedy."

On March 13, 1920, Mrs. Brasch added: "I used Doan's Kidney Pills several years ago for a severe kidney trouble and I certainly believe they saved my life. I gladly confirm all I said in my former statement praising this fine kidney remedy."

60c, at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y.

For Sale.

Big Type Poland China Bears representing best of blood lines, sized by Black Wonder No. 108, 746. Herd sows of Big Hadley Jr., and Big Price families. Reasonably priced. Cholera immune.

EDWARD AULL

Lexington, Mo.

A suit to test the constitutionality of the Missouri beverage inspection law has been filed in the Cole County Circuit Court by St. Louis manufacturers of soft drinks. The inspection law provides for a tax which brings considerable revenue into the State Treasury.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an order of the Probate Court of Lafayette County, Missouri, made on the 9th day of November, 1920, the undersigned, Public Administrator for said County, has taken charge of the estate of James Byars deceased.

All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them for allowance within six months after the date of said order, or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if said claims be not exhibited within one year from the date of said order they will be forever barred.

This 9th day of November, 1920.

HENRY C. CHILES,

Public Administrator.

Attested by Stephen H. Wilson Judge of Probate for Lafayette County, Missouri.

(SEAL)

Nov. 12, 1920.

ONE PRICE TO ALL

REMEMBER: We handle John Deere's complete line of Farm Implements. Also Live Stock, Grain, Mill Feeds, Flour, etc. One Price to all.

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Threshers, Oil Pull Tractors, Steam Engines, Corn Shredders, Hullers, Tractor Plows in both Disc and Mould Board. To suit any size farm.

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